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CAIRO AS IT APPEARED IN 1841.

## CAIRO IN 1841

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DARIUS B. HOLBROOK, CHARLES DICKENS AND ALFRED  
TENNYSON DICKENS.

BY JOHN M. LANSDEN, OF CAIRO, ILL.]

I would like to introduce this article with a short account of the Cairo of 1818, but space will not permit. It is of the Cairo of 1836, and of the three persons above named I desire to speak. The attempt made in 1818, to start a city at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers failed so soon and so badly that it could scarcely have been said to have been begun. The place or site and what had been done in 1818, drew increased attention to it; and although it had found a place on H. S. Tanner's map of Illinois, published in Philadelphia in 1822, it was not until 1835, that it was thought expedient to make a second attempt to start a city on the same site.

At Vandalia, in 1835, Sidney Breese made the acquaintance of Darius B. Holbrook, then of Massachusetts and subsequently of New York. Breese and others had already in the same year, acquired the Cairo lands, which had been forfeited to the government, some fifteen years before, for failure to pay the balance due on the entry prices. The township had been surveyed by the government in 1807, and the Birds and the men undertaking the first City of Cairo entered the lands on what was called the credit system; and the Cairo enterprise of 1818, having fallen through, the lands, not having been paid for in full, were forfeited; and in 1835, they were again entered for the purpose for which they were entered in 1817.

Holbrook was at Vandalia to procure certain corporate rights for manufacturing purposes, but seems to have been drawn by Breese into the latter's scheme for building a city on the Cairo site and at the same time, and as a part of one

undertaking, to arrange for the building of a central railroad from the so-called City of Cairo to Peru on the Illinois River. The railroad company was incorporated January 16, 1836, and the Cairo City and Canal Company March 4, 1837.

Just how the city and the railroad company started out is best told by Judge Breese in his letter to Senator Douglas, of January 25, 1851, a week or two before the present Illinois Central Railroad Company was incorporated:

"At the called session of the legislature \* \* \* in '35-'36, I found Mr. Holbrook at Vandalia, then a stranger to me, endeavoring to procure charters for manufacturing purposes, as I understood. Believing him to be a man of great intelligence and expanded views, I unfolded my plans to him, and seizing upon the project which had been started in 1818, to build a city at the mouth of the Ohio, which the projectors, Gov. Bond and others, had then denominated 'Cairo,' he fell into my views, and being a man of great energy, *he proposed the formation of a company to construct the road and build the city.*"

This railroad scheme of January 16, 1836, was pushed aside by the State, when by its act of February 27, 1837, it entered upon its general scheme of building railroads, one of which was to be an Illinois Central Railroad and for the construction of which it appropriated three and a half million dollars. Up to this time Breese seems to have been the leading spirit of the undertaking to build the city and construct the railroad; but their attempt at the latter having been thwarted, Holbrook seems to have become the leader in almost everything that related to the city. They no doubt felt greatly crippled, for their railroad was to aid their city and their city the railroad; but such men as they were could not easily be turned aside from any object or purpose they greatly desired to accomplish. They could not contend against the power of the State and build their railroad in spite of it, but they owned the Cairo lands and



DARIUS B. HOLBROOK

were able to have their city or proposed city, made the southern terminus of the State's railway.

Holbrook was fully as strong in the business world as was Judge Breese in the political world. He was a sort of a steam engine of a man—a locomotive engine. He was said to have been not merely the chief representative of the Cairo companies but the companies themselves. If such was the case, it must have been due to the very general belief that what he wanted was needed and what he did not want must be laid aside or left alone. He made two or three trips to London and the great banking house of John Wright & Company, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, became his company's financial representative in that city. Those bankers were at the same time the agents of our State for the sale of its Canal Bonds. Besides Holbrook, there were in London, Richard M. Young, one of our United States senators, and Ex-Governor John Reynolds, agents for the State in arranging with Wright & Company to take charge of the State's bond sales. Daniel Webster was also there, and while there, gave his written opinion to Holbrook regarding the company's title to the lands it had mortgaged to the New York Life Insurance & Trust Company to secure the payment of its bonds. Holbrook did everything, went everywhere, saw everybody, legislators and capitalists and other men of prominence and influence, whom he supposed might aid him. He secured in London large sums of money and must have expended in Cairo much more than a million of dollars, which for that day was a very large sum of money. He paid large prices for the lands he bought from the Kaskaskia people, their heirs or grantees. He and his company had great faith in their enterprise, and they determined to obtain titles to lands almost regardless of the prices demanded.

We cannot go very fully into this matter here, only saying that Holbrook worked on faithfully even after the failure of Wright & Company, November 23, 1840. He must have known, however, long before the end came, that his attempt

must meet a fate not unlike that which came to the Kaskaskia people in 1818. The great bankers of London had turned against Wright & Company and brought them to bankruptcy; and Holbrook knew that if he could not raise money on his Cairo bonds at the outstart in this country, he certainly could not do it now that the whole financial world was in a state of suspense as to the outcome of the monetary depression the world over. Seeing he could go no further, he set about finding what entirely new arrangements might be made by which he and those associated with him might save something out of the failed enterprise.

A number of writers about Cairo have criticized him and some of them very severely. We do not know enough of the facts and circumstances, running through a number of years, to enable us to express a very satisfactory opinion as to those matters about which he was criticized. The work which he had undertaken was difficult in the extreme; but as we have before stated, he seems to have firmly believed that he could accomplish it. After the first two or three years he must have seen more clearly the difficulties of the situation. These called forth only greater efforts on his part; but when it became evident that the situation was growing more and more doubtful, he may have resorted to measures which seemed more or less inconsistent with that straightforward kind of conduct about which all men speak well but which many of them find it exceedingly difficult to follow when overtaken by unexpected embarrassments. Observation shows that most men in times of severe financial trial and when failure seems impending, will turn aside here and there and do this or that which they would have before severely criticized. Holbrook was determined that his enterprise should not fail, and it was a long time before he could see anything but success ahead of him. What he did at Washington, at Springfield and New York, even as late as 1849, shows that his hope was not entirely gone, although his Cairo City and Canal Company had already sold out to the

Cairo City Property Trust. His last act of surrender to the State is seen in the act of February 17, 1851, repealing his act of January 16, 1836, incorporating the first Illinois Central Railroad Company.

Holbrook did quite as much as either Breese or Douglas in the work of securing an Illinois Central Railway. Breese and he began the work in 1835, and he worked on at it continuously until September 20, 1850. For this great railway, Illinois is indebted to Breese, Holbrook, Wentworth, Webster, and George Ashmun of Massachusetts, quite as much as to Senator Douglas. Holbrook, Wentworth, Webster, and Ashmun furnished such aid to the land grant scheme for the road that the long pending bill therefor finally, and after fifteen years of work, became the act of September 20, 1850, without which there is no telling when such a road would have been built. (Wentworth's *Reminiscences*.) After 1846, the Trustees of the Cairo City Property bore most of the expense of the work of securing the land grant act.

(If there is no such book, one should be written upon the unreliability of history, ancient and modern. Were a great corps of scholars to catalogue and print the falsehoods of history, to contain the volumes, not five feet but five hundred feet of shelving would be required; and were they to separate matters of fact from matters of fiction, the former would bulk small in comparison with the latter.)

Holbrook's new arrangement substituted American for English capitalists, and out of what he did in the general reorganization came the Trustees of the Cairo City Property and its ten or eleven thousand acres of land between the two rivers and at their junction, *and, also, the City of Cairo.*

Much money, English money, had been lost in this second attempt to build a city on the Cairo site of 1818; and this brings us to the Cairo of Charles Dickens.



The picture of Cairo in 1841, on another page, is a very correct representation of the place at that time. Until the last one or two years there were persons in Cairo who could name every one of the buildings seen in the picture—the hotel near the point, the post office, the stores and houses for workmen and laborers, the machine shops, the saw mills with their slanting log-ways to the river, the found-eries, the marine ways, just above which a steamboat is seen in course of building, the dry docks, and on further up the Ohio levee, other stores, brickyards, etc. In a word, the cut is known to have been as correct as anything of the kind could have been made at that time. Moreover, it shows with great exactness, the small strip of land and country lying along the Ohio which had been cleared of woods. In 1850, the Trustees of the Cairo City Property, successors of the Holbrook people, caused a very full and complete topographical map of Cairo and vicinity to be made, and the same shows the location of every building as seen in that picture of Cairo as it was in 1841. It shows the lines and lengths of the levees, the strip of land first cleared away, the line of the Illinois Central Railroad of 1838, the grading of which extended from Cairo to Jonesboro, thirty-six miles distant. The picture is taken from the December number, 1841, of "The Valley of the Mississippi, Illustrated," drawings and lithographing by J. C. Wild, published at the Republican Printing office St. Louis, Missouri, 1841.

I have thus spoken at considerable length of this picture to show what Cairo was and how it looked when Dickens was here an hour or two Saturday, April 9th, 1842, and to show that his description of it as found in *The American Notes*, like almost everything else in America described by him, was distorted in the extreme. The place no doubt looked bad enough, owing to its low site. It never was an attractive looking town, and it is only in recent years that it has become a much better looking place or city than it was for a long time in the history of the country. But as unfavorable as it may have appeared when Dickens saw it

from the top of the Ohio Levee, no one who desired to keep within sight of the truth would have written as he did about it.

It seems that there are differences of opinion as to why Dickens visited the United States in 1842, and why he gave such an account of his visit as that found in his *American Notes*. Dr. John F. Snyder says that Dickens had invested in Cairo bonds and that fearing things were not going on at Cairo as they should, he made his trip to satisfy himself as to the condition and safety of his investment. The following is what Dr. Snyder says in the October number, 1910, of this Journal:

"To see Cairo was really the main object of his journey to America. In 1837, one Darius B. Holbrook, a shrewd Boston Yankee, organized the Cairo City and Canal Company, a scheme as audaciously illusive as the John Laws' Bubble in 1718; and going to Europe he plastered the walls everywhere with flaming lithographs of a grand city at the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers—in fact, as mythical as the fabled Quivira of Coronado's search. In London was the banking house of John Wright & Company, the same that in 1839 confided the Illinois Fund Commissioners, Gov. Reynolds, Senator Young, General Rawlings and Colonel Oakley, into depositing with them \$1,000,000 of Illinois Bonds, resulting in a loss to the State of half their value. Through John Wright & Company, Holbrook actually sold bonds of his Cairo Company to the amount of \$2,000,000. Among his numerous victims was Mr. Dickens, who, it is asserted, invested in them a large part of his slender means."

The above from Dr. Snyder is quoted and approved by Mr. W. Glyde Wilkins, of Pittsburg, in his "*Charles Dickens In America*," published last year by Charles

Scribner's Sons; and it is followed by this comment of Wilkins:—

“It will be noted that this occurred while Dickens was writing *The Pickwick Papers*, and Dickens may at that time have had in mind the trip to America and his *American Notes*; for, in chapter xlv, Tony Weller says to Sam, ‘Have a passage taken ready for ‘Merrika . . . and then let him come back and write a book about the ‘Merrikans as’ll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows ‘em up enough.’”

We cannot agree with this view for the following reasons: A number of Englishmen and two or three or more English women had preceded Dickens to this country and on their return home wrote books about the United States. All of them told very much the same story—a story Englishmen liked to hear. Dickens was twenty-four years of age when he wrote *The Pickwick Papers*, and yet it appears that at that early age and in the year 1836, he purposed not only to visit ‘Merrika but that he would write a book about his visit and that he would “*blow ‘em up enough to pay all his expenses and more.*” But when he wrote *Pickwick* in 1836, there was no Cairo except upon paper. There was no Cairo City and Canal Company, no Cairo bonds—none until late in 1839, almost three years later. His contemplated visit is again seen in a letter to Chapman & Hall, his publishers, in July 1839, before any Cairo bonds were ready for sale. His time was so occupied and the sales of his books were making him so much money that his trip to America was deferred from time to time, and it was not until he had finished *Master Humphrey's Clock* that he announced the time of his sailing.

Charles H. Jones, in his short biography of Dickens, and introductory to what he says of his first visit to America, writes as follows:—

“It has already been shown that when the idea of ‘*Master Humphrey's Clock*’ was first shaping itself in Dickens’ mind, a visit on his part to America formed

part of his plan, and that by the time the periodical reached its close in November, 1841, he was able to announce the date of the proposed visit. Some letters which he interchanged with Washington Irving confirmed his resolution, if he had thought of wavering, and in little more than a month after the 'wind-up' of the *Clock* all his arrangements had been made, *including an agreement for the publication of a book which should record his impressions of America.*"

It must, therefore, be conceded that Dickens' chief purpose in coming to the United States was to gather materials for another book. *He contracted to write it some months before he sailed.* The second object he had in view was protection for the sale of his book by some kind of copyright law, international or otherwise. He landed at Boston, January 21, 1842, and before he had left that city he began his campaign of education. His subject was international copyright, a subject in which he had more interest than any other living man, perhaps. Judging by the fever of his advocacy and the bitterness of his denunciation, one would suppose the subject was about the only one before the English speaking world. Here is a part of his letter to Mr. Henry Austin, of May 1, 1842, two weeks after he saw Cairo and Belleville:—

"Is it not a horrible thing that scoundrel book-sellers should grow rich here from publishing books, the authors of which do not reap one farthing from their issue by scores of thousands; and that every vile blackguard and detestable newspaper, so filthy and bestial that no honest man would admit one into his house for a scullery doormat, should be able to publish those same writings side by side, cheek by jowl, with the coarsest and most obscene companions with which they must become connected, in course of time, in people's minds? Is it tolerable that besides being robbed and rifled an author should be forced to appear in any form, in any vulgar dress, in any

atrocious company; that he should have no choice of his audience, no control over his distorted text, and that he should be compelled to jostle out of the course the best men in this country who only ask to live by writing? I vow before high heaven that my blood so boils at these enormities that, when I speak about them, I seem to grow twenty feet high, and to swell out in proportion. 'Robbers that ye are,' I think to myself when I get upon my legs, 'here goes.'"

Here is a part of his letter to Mr. Forster, written just after the great dinner given him in New York, with Washington Irving in the chair:—

"I spoke, as you know, of international copyright at Boston; and I spoke of it again at Hartford. My friends were paralyzed with wonder at such audacious daring. The notion that I, a man alone by himself, in America, should venture to suggest to the Americans that there was one point on which they were neither just to their own countrymen nor to us, actually struck the boldest dumb. Washington Irving, Prescott, Hoffman, Bryant, Halleck, Dana, Washington Allston—every man who writes in this country is devoted to the question, and not one of them *dares* to raise his voice and complain of the atrocious state of the law. It is nothing that of all men living I am the greatest loser by it. It is nothing that I have a claim to speak and be heard. The wonder is that a breathing man can be found with temerity enough to suggest to the Americans the possibility of their having done wrong. I wish you could have seen the faces that I saw, down both sides of the table at Hartford, when I began to talk about Scott. I wish you could have heard how I gave it out. My blood so boiled as I thought of the monstrous injustice that I felt as if I were twelve feet high when I thrust it down their throats.

"I had no sooner made the second speech than such

an outcry began . . . as an Englishman can form no notion of . . . . The dinner committee here, . . . were so dismayed that they besought me not to pursue the subject. . . . I answered that I would; that nothing should deter me, that the shame was theirs, not mine; *and that, as I would not spare them when I got home*, I would not be silenced here. Accordingly, when the night came, I asserted my right, with all the means I could command to give it dignity, in face, manner, or words."

His early letters home seemed friendly enough; but by the time he left Baltimore for his western trip he had found it difficult and probably impossible to arouse in the public mind the interest he felt in copyright matters, and the tone of his letters changed to accord with his feeling of disappointment. His unfavorable impressions of the country deepened as he dwelt on the obstinacy of the American people; and to this is due, largely, the spirit the Notes everywhere manifest. It was to be expected, of course, that he would on his return home write a book—an account of his experiences and impressions while in the United States; but it was not supposed that the volume would be filled with sneers and caricatures.

His perfervid letters quoted above and many others like them to his friends at home show that while he came to gather materials to write a book about America, he desired quite as much to do what he could while here to secure in this country a fair remuneration for his literary labors, commensurate somewhat with what the people here were profiting by them. These two objects were well nigh one and the same. He was under contract to write a book about 'Merrika and 'Merrikans, and he very justly desired that it and his other books sold here should bring a proper return for their production.

From 1842 to 1891, we have the long period of forty-nine years, and yet it was not until March 3, 1891, that the United States extended to foreign authors the same privi-

leges extended by their governments to authors here. Dickens' American Notes and his denunciatory letters and addresses, as might have been expected, put off thus long anything like international copyright.

But how shall we describe the book and tell why he made it what it is and not some other kind of a volume. It needs no description. It speaks for itself. In all the annals of literature or history it has no equal. If in man there are two natures, the one good and the other evil, it is out of the latter in Dickens that the American Notes issued. Its pages fairly vie with each other and alternate with a sneer and a caricature, affording the strongest evidences that he was paying a debt to a supposed enemy or getting even with him.—Revenge is a very hard word, but in attempting to account for the tone or temper of the author in his production of the Notes, that word seems the most appropriate. It is useless to quote from the volume. One cannot select. The whole book would have to be copied. He wrote Forster, as just quoted, that *he would not spare the country when he got home*. He did not spare it; on the contrary, he *speared* it, *speared* it through and through, its government, its men, its women, its civilization. When he wrote Pickwick he spoke of 'Merrika and 'Merrikans, and of *blowing 'em up*. A trip here and the kind of a blowing up he would give the 'Merrikans, were even at that early day in his mind. He wrote that he came to America a friend of Republican government, but that his five months nearer view of it and its people had made him a monarchist. While at Cincinnati, April 4th and 5th, 1842, Judge Timothy Walker entertained him and Mrs. Dickens with as fine a company as could be brought together almost anywhere and showed them every possible courtesy; and yet in his diary he wrote of the guests of his host as follows:—"In the evening we went to a party at Walker's and were introduced to at least one hundred and fifty first-rate bores, separately and singly." A little further down the river and at Louisville, he stopped at the widely-known Galt House, whose proprietor was Mr. Throckmorton, a high-strung southerner

of much character and influence and an intimate friend of Clay, Crittenden, and a great many other distinguished men. Mr. Dickens had not been there long when Mr. Throckmorton called upon him and offered his services in introducing him to the prominent families of the city, and of other parts of the State, attracted there by the presence of the great writer. To Mr. Throckmorton's inquiries and tender of courtesies Mr. Dickens replied:—"Sir, are you the publican who keeps this inn?" "Yes, Sir," replied Throckmorton. "Then," said Mr. Dickens, "when I have need for your services, I will ring for you."

Mr. Wilkins, in his *Charles Dickens in America*, does not vouch for this last story, but says that he found it in a number of the *Courier Journal* of 1870. Wilkins might have safely vouched for it; for if Dickens could write of Judge Walker's guests and say that at his residence he and Mrs. Dickens were introduced to one hundred and fifty first rate bores, separately and singly, it would be entirely safe to affirm that he addressed Mr. Throckmorton at the Galt House as above stated.

I do not say that by these two or three instances we must judge all; but just go through the book and cull out of it all the like natured references to us, our government and our people, and you will see how little is left of the volume.

Dickens had his revenge. He paid his debt of enmity and with good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over. Many of his letters home were written in the heat of passion, such as is exhibited in the two letters above quoted; but the book was written after an age for cooling had elapsed. Moreover, his wrath was carefully nursed. It slumbered for a little time and then broke out again in Chuzzlewit. Not until twenty-five years had passed did it seem to have exhausted itself. In 1867 he again visited the country he had so maliciously insulted and traduced. One wonders at his coming a second time, and also, that coming, he should have been received in most places as if his *American Notes* had been as friendly as was *DeTocqueville's Democracy in America*.



If Dickens was such a saint in literature and is to be beatified in America, how is it that he came to us a republican and looking us over from head to foot for five months went home a monarchist? If the French Bourbon forgets nothing, the 'Merrikan Republican seems to forget everything. Dickens did not apologize for his villifications of '42; he couldn't. There was too much of it. The whole tour would have been consumed in apologetic work. He put on a brave front, if such an expression is allowable, and said, "I am the Englishman who was here in '42; what have you to say?" Well, what did they say? Why, only this, "We welcome you." He did not fall on their necks, however, but they fell on his, forgetting entirely what a shocking sort of people he said they were—in '42.

By way of extenuation, let me say that in Dickens' day Englishmen hated the United States with a hearty good will, equaled only by the hearty good will with which the Americans hated them. He knew better than any one else that Englishmen did not want to read anything good of or about the United States. He wrote chiefly for them; but he knew that his books would soon reach the States where foreign books were *freely* published and that as Americans were to have his books free of charge almost he would make it somewhat like the little book in the Apocalypse; it was to be as honey in the mouths of Englishmen, but in the stomachs of Americans it was to be very bitter.

If this article is not of an extremely friendly nature so far as relates to the elder Dickens, it may be explained if not extenuated, by saying that it is a historical fact that the little junction city long had a struggling existence not because it was between the devil and the deep sea, but because it was between two deep rivers on the one hand, and Dickens on the other. Dickens has now remained with it as long as the rivers, and many persons say he will remain with it as long as the rivers run or as long as the maligned city exists as a monument to the great novelist. Like Joseph's brethren, he seems to have thought to do it evil, but it is to be hoped that Heaven will turn it into good.

It seems slow about it, however. The reproaches he had for the whole country he seemed to pile upon the village at the confluence, where his *slimy Mississippi*, which he had hoped never to see again, surges into the Ohio. The *detestable morass* in the one book became the ironical *Eden* of the other; and one is almost constrained to say that portions of the income from *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist* must have found their way into the *dismal swamp*, his description of which none could equal, but which was as untruthful as it was strikingly forceful.

(I may here state that the younger Dickens, while in Cairo recently, said his father had at no time invested in Cairo bonds or had any kind of financial interests in the place; but the son was not born until 1844, four or five years after the investment, if one was made; and it is altogether likely that the incident of the investment was never mentioned in the Dickens family, at Gads' Hill or elsewhere.)

But the little city has borne its reproaches with becoming patience, seeming to believe that all things come to him who waits. It has forgotten its former floods and well nigh its blowing up or down by the versatile Englishman in '42.

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I have neither time nor space to speak of the good in Dickens as a man nor of his books as literary productions. Of the latter men everywhere seem to speak extravagantly, but speaking with such unanimity shows that they cannot, perhaps, speak too extravagantly. The *American Notes* was perhaps his poorest book. Macaulay said as much. In England the *American Notes* will do little to preserve the author's memory. In the United States, it, more than any other book from his pen, will carry his name along until these States shall cease to be the *United States* or until they shall become some other nation than that of which he wrote.

("The satire of the book is *malicious satire*, and Dickens' letters make it too evident that he himself regarded it as an essential part of the controversy that had been aroused, as does the introductory chapter *which was suppressed at*

*the time* by the advice of friends, but which was printed in the second volume of Mr. Forster's biography.") Charles H. Jones.

Of such a man one cannot say much in a mere article. Of Dickens, almost apart from his books, a writer might fill not a few pages but a whole number of such a journal as this.

(Dickens' heart was in David Copperfield. He liked it best of all his writings; a sad picture it was; too much of biography and autobiography in it, many have said.)

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And now let me say of his son, Alfred Tennyson Dickens, in addition to what Mr. Perrin, in the January Journal has so well said of him, that he spent November 30th and December 1st and 2d, 1911, in Cairo. He was entertained at the residence of Mayor George Parsons all that time. He was given a public reception at the fine building of the Alexander Club, Thursday afternoon, November 30th. No affair of the kind ever occurred in Cairo which was so generally attended and so well enjoyed by its citizens, and we believe it was equally as well enjoyed and appreciated by Mr. Dickens. In the evening of that day he delivered his lecture at the Cairo Opera House to a fine audience. On that occasion he introduced his lecture by a most beautiful reference to what his father had written of the place and of the great, not to say amazing, contrast between what his father must have seen when here and what he, his son, now saw. His lecture was a review somewhat of his father's life as a writer and of a number of his most noted books. He seemed to place above all others *A Tale of Two Cities*. At the close of his lecture he was presented by the Mayor of the City with a number of very appropriate mementoes, which highly pleased him. On Friday evening a reception was given him at the residence of the mayor, on which occasion, after one or two short addresses, the principal one by the Hon. Walter Warder, Mr. Dickens addressed the company in a most interesting and admirable manner. All present were delighted



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with his most beautiful words, expressive of the great pleasure given him in his entertainment by Mayor Parsons and his daughter, Mrs. Peabody. Parts of Friday and Saturday were spent in driving through Alexander and Pulaski counties, parts of the latter of which, with its hills and fine improvements, reminded him, he said, of some parts of Scotland. He desired to see some parts of the city which might still look as did Cairo to his father in 1842. The dense woods were all gone, and there only remained in one or two more distant places the low uneven grounds, very much as they were when the waters of the two rivers annually commingled over them. He left the city saying to his host and hostess and many others that the three days spent here had been of the most pleasant of his life.

He was then in his sixty-seventh year. He had left England in his twentieth year for Australia, where he remained the long period of forty-five years, not having returned to England at any time until very near the centennial year of his father's birth. His sudden death in New York City, January 2d, 1912, was deeply regretted here where he had made many new friends, to whom he expressed the hope that he might soon come again. But to many of us he did not seem strong enough for the trip or tour he was making; and so it proved; and now his last resting place is in the church-yard of Trinity Church, New York, so worthy to receive into its bosom a son of one of the very greatest literary writers of our language.

(NOTE.—How vain is our boasting! In the foregoing article I speak of the *city having forgotten its former floods*; and yet, before the proof reaches me from the printer's hands, we are found contesting against a flood much greater than any which have occurred since its attempted foundation in 1818. Until this year, April, 1912, our highest known floods occurred in the consecutive years of 1882, 1883 and 1884—the water reaching February 25th, 1882, 51.8 feet; February 26th, 1883, 52.2 feet; February 24th, 1884, 51.8 feet; and this year and now, April 8th, 1912, and for the last few days, *54 feet*. We have had no overflow or broken levee since June 12th 1858, 54 years ago, and do not expect to have one now, but it looks more than possible. Almost always the highest water in the Ohio occurs about three months before the highest in the Mississippi. This year it came a month later in the Ohio and two months earlier in the Mississippi—a conjunction that has not occurred before for one hundred years.—J. M. L.)